



When the stenographer has a moment's leisure—which isn't often these days—she picks up her knitting.



In a canoe! Well, why not? It's comfortable, and all Nature calls to those who love her in her melancholy mien.



No need to lose even a few minutes while waiting for a car if one has needles and yarn along.

A park bench and the warm sunshine invite the knitter on a zippy morning.



Click-click-click!—the needles fly in and out, and the fair knitter finds the wait for her companion to come out of the store by no means so tiresome as watching the people or thinking of nothing.



With a few minutes of her lunch hour still remaining, the earnest knitter seeks the top of the office building, enjoys the air, the sunlight and the view—without dropping a stitch!

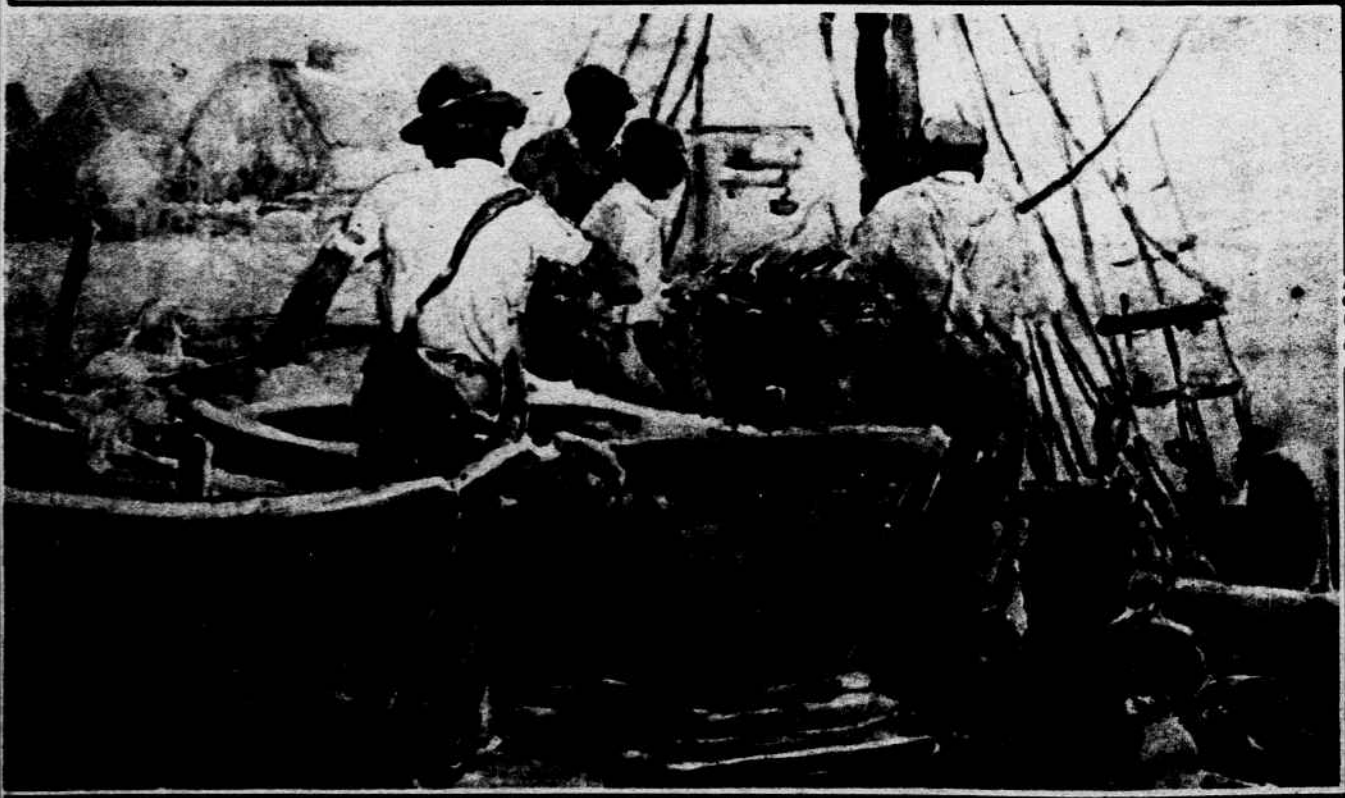


The children knit, too; and if they can't—which is an altogether absurd assumption—they at least can wind the yarn for mother or big sister.



Day dreams—a survey of the people passing below—or merely “just looking out the window”—till the knitting goes on without interruption.

## IN THE 22nd ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WASHINGTON WATER COLOR CLUB AT THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



No. 83—Weighing the Catch. Artist, Lesley Jackson.



No. 67—Hansa Wharves, Bergen. Artist, Frank Edward Johnson.